



A Weekly Family Newspaper—Devoted to Literature, Local and General News, Agriculture, and the Markets.

BY ROBINSON & LOCKE.

PLYMOUTH, O., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 16, 1855.

VOLUME II. NO. 35

The Wife.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

She was a beautiful girl, when I first saw her. She was standing up at the side of her lover, at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet, ever and anon as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crept over her beautiful cheek, like the reflections of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped her hand within his own, gazed on her for a few moments, with unmingled admiration, and the warm eloquent blood showed at intervals his manly forehead, and melted into beauty on his lip.

And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of Heaven, and every heart blessed them, as they went their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and I again saw those lovers. They were seated together where the light of sunset stole through the half-closed and crimson curtain, lending a rich tint to the delicate carpeting and the exquisite embellishment of the rich and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girl's buoyancy of the one had, indeed, given place to the greater perfection of womanhood, and her lips were somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was slightly perceptible upon her brow. Her husband's brow, too, was marked somewhat more deeply than his age might warrant; anxiety, ambition, and pride had grown over it, and left the traces upon it; a silver line was mingled with the dark of his hair, which had become thin around his temples, almost to a baldness. He was reclining on an ottoman with his face half hidden by his hand, as if he feared that the dead and troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

"Edward, you are ill to-night," said his wife, in a low, sweet, half-impulsive voice, as she laid her hands upon his own.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of Heaven refused its wonted cheerfulness, and glared upon us with a cold, dim, and forbidding glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy, that he broods over the feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal, dreadful to watch the convulsive features and the gloomy brow, the indefinite shadows of his denunciations, the involuntary sigh of sorrow in which we are forbidden to participate, and whose character we cannot know.

She essays once more. "Edward," she said slowly, mildly, and affectionately, "the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to me, who have never, I trust, betrayed your confidence. Why then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You are troubled, and yet refuse to tell me the cause."

Something of returning tenderness softened, for an instant, the cold severity of the husband's features. But it passed away, and a bitter smile was his only reply. Time passed on, and the twin were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomy and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had followed ambition as his God, and had failed in a high career. He had mingled with men whom his heart loathed; he had sought to be fierce and wronged spirit of the land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country; he had fanned rebellion, to a flame, and he had fallen, miserably fallen, and was doomed to die the death of a traitor.

The door of the dungeon opened, and a form entered and threw herself into his arms. The softened light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

"Edward, my dear Edward," she said, "I have come to save you; I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I think God, my purpose is nearly executed."

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eyelash. "I have not deserved this kindness," he murmured in the choked tones of agony.

Edward said his wife in an earnest, but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, "we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be enabled to pass unnoticed. Haste, or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me, I am a woman, and they will not injure me for my efforts in behalf of a husband dearer than life itself."

The wife was left alone in that gloomy dungeon, and through the long, lonely night, her time was spent in prayer to God, that all would be well with them. But alas, she saw the idol of her heart no more—when morning came she was with God who gave.

Kind reader, let your imagination picture the feelings of that loved and loving husband, when he was called to see the lifeless remains of his devoted wife. Such is the love of woman.

A salt lake was discovered about 150 miles west of St. Cloud, in Minnesota, by W. H. Ingersoll, when was attached to the Pacific Railroad survey. Mr. Ingersoll says that around the edge of the lake the salt can be gathered in baskets, and of as good a quality as ever found in any part of the United States. Near the lake there are large beds of coal of the first quality.

THE BROTHERS.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

In '49 the principal banking institutions of the chance kind in San Francisco, were the Bella Union, 'Verandah,' 'Mine de Or,' 'El Dorado,' 'Parker House,' all situated about the Plaza, and each employed a band of music to lessen the tedious hours of that rainy winter and to drown the noise of the jingling gold and silver, and the cursing exclamations of the gamblers. Many a sad scene has taken place within these saloons, that chilled the blood of the beholders and is remembered with horror. I was once carelessly sauntering through one of these places. My attention was attracted towards a person who had large piles of gold before him; the starting eye balls, the swollen veins upon his clenched hands, told of heavy losses; mingled exclamations of horrors and contempt would escape him; he seemed unconscious of all else going around him; his gaze bent upon the cards as if his life's blood was the stake at issue; and in this case his last dollar was put within the dealer's bank, with the frenzy of a maniac, he drew a long dirk knife and plunged it up to the hilt into his own body, and sank a corpse upon the table.

A few rude jeers followed the act; the body was removed, and the game went on as though nothing had happened—as though another victim had not been added to the page of the gambler's damning record; or another soul not gone to its final account. I learned this much of his history: He started with a large stock of goods, given him by his father, to sell on commission; and the father's fortune depended upon a sure return of the money so invested; but as usual with young men, he indulged in the full liberty of unbridled license, and while the ship stopped at one of the South American ports he engendered the first seeds of 'play'; but for a while after his arrival the excitement of trade and the energy necessary to accomplish a successful issue kept his mind busy. One day, by appointment, he was to meet a mercantile friend at this house, and while waiting for his friend, he staked a few dollars on the morning cards, when the latent disease sprang into life, and it carried him headlong over the precipice, and ended in the tragic manner related.

The 'Mine de Or' was a gambling saloon, situated on Washington street, and opposite the 'El Dorado,' and in '49 was the principal resort of the disbanded soldiers who had been engaged in the war with Mexico. Behind one of the largest monte banks in the room sat a man who had won for himself honorableness, and an officer's commission was given him for his bravery at the storming of Monterey; but preferring the climate of California and its golden prospects to a more northern home, he embarked for that country at the close of the war with Mexico, and upon his arrival he opened a bank for gambling. The emigrants came in by thousands, and a few nights after his arrival a young man entered his saloon and seated himself at the bank, and staked various sums upon the cards until he had lost nearly all the money he possessed. Excited with the play and maddened by his losses, he accused the dealer of cheating; the dealer replied sharply to the accusation—the lie passed when the young man struck the dealer a severe blow upon the face; as quick as thought the sharp report of a pistol followed, and the gambler's clothing was covered with the young man's blood—he had shot him through the right breast. The room was soon cleared of the spectators, the doors closed and the medical attendance called in aid of the wounded man. The gambler sat moodily over his bank, running the small monte cards through his fingers, and perhaps thinking over the deed just perpetrated, when the wounded man gave a moan of agony as the doctor's probe reached the bottom of his wound. The doctor inquired what State he was from, and the wounded man replied:—

"From Vermont."

The gambler raised his head, for it had been a long time since he had seen a person from the home of his childhood, and Vermont being his native State, the mere mention of its name interested him. The doctor next inquired the name of the place where his parents resided, if he had any.—The wounded man replied:—

"Montpelier."

The gambler sprang to his feet, his limbs trembled, and his face was pale as death, for Montpelier was the home of his youth, and perhaps the wounded man might have been a playmate in childhood—perhaps a schoolmate—or know his brothers and sisters. He clung convulsively to the table, and with contending emotions of rapid thought, and the weight of the injury he had inflicted, he could scarcely keep on his feet. A stimulant was given the wounded man; and he was momentarily revived from that weakness the body is so subject to after a severe wound—when the doctor inquired if there was any friend in the city he wished sent for.

"Yes," he replied. "My wife—she is at the City Hotel, on the corner of Clay and Kerney streets. Tell Mary to hasten for I am badly hurt."

A man was sent to bring his wife.

"Doctor," said the gambler, "save that man's life and there's my bank and \$10,000 in Burgundy's—you shall have it all."

The doctor felt the pulse of the man, and probed the wound anew. The gambler watched him with the greatest anxiety until his inspection was finished, when the doctor shook his head at its impossibility. The gambler sat down by the side of the wounded man and bathed his head with water, and stanching the flowing blood from the wound until the arrival of the wife; she came accompanied by a few friends, and as a heroic woman bears misfortunes, she bore hers. Not a word of reproach escaped her—words of cheerfulness only came from her lips as tears coursed down her cheeks. To her inquiry as to the chances of her husband's recovery, the doctor assured her that there was no hope; that the wound was mortal and that in a few hours he would die. She sank down upon her knees and invoked the mercy of a forgiving God for her dying husband and his murderer. The gambler asked forgiveness of the wounded man for the wrong he had committed, also that of his wife which was readily granted.

"This," said he, is for not obeying the sacred injunction of my aged father and mother—not to gamble. I have faced death a thousand times, and still I have escaped; the balls of an enemy have whistled past my ears as thick as hailstones, and bursting bomb have exploded at my feet; still I have lived—oh, God! and for this! High above the red tide and that won for me a name among men—when not one comrade was left to tell the deeds of the battle, I escaped unscathed. Why was I not killed like the rest? All that was proud and pleasing to man I have had; and if I could call this last act by living on carrion, sleeping in a pauper's grave and renouncing every proud act of my life I would do it. I was born in the same village with that man; we have been classmates together in the same school; I received instructions of the same aged man; we were born beneath the same roof, and oh God! the same mother gave us birth. He must not die—he is my brother!"

And the gambler sank down in a swoon upon the floor. The wounded man raised himself upon his elbow; his glassy eyes wandered about the table as if in search of some particular person.

"Mary," said he, "is brother William here? I— and the words choked in his throat, the gurgling blood stopped his utterance, and he sank back a corpse upon his pillow. The wife knelt again but it was beside a dead body, and invoked the mercy of God upon his soul, and forgiveness of the murderer. The gambler awoke from his swoon, and staggered up to the wife and said:

"Mary, would it wereoth rive, for I have nothing to live for now, the evil and the dying do not want anything in this world; take this certificate of deposit to our aged father, and tell our parents we are both dead—but, oh! do not tell them how we died!"

Before the woman could reply or any one interfere, the report of that pistol sounded again, and the fratricide had ceased to live.

On the hill near Rincon Point were two graves, a few years ago, enclosed with a white picket fence, and one tombstone stood at their head with the simple inscription:—"BROTHERS."

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LAW OF HEALTH.—Children should be taught to use the left hand as well as as much as the right.

Coarse bread is much better for children than fine.

Children should sleep in separate beds, and should not wear nightcaps.

Children under seven years of age should not be kept over six or seven hours in the house, and that time should be broken by frequent recesses.

Children and young people must be made to hold their heads up on shoulders back whenever standing, sitting or walking.

The best beds for children are of hair, or in winter of hair and cotton.

From one pound to one pound and a half of solid food is sufficient for a person in the ordinary vocations of business.

Persons in sedentary employment should drop one third of their food, and thus escape dyspepsia.

Young persons should walk at least two hours a day in the open air.

Young ladies should be prevented from bandaging the chest. The author has known three cases of insanity, terminating in death, which began in this practice.

Every person, great and small, should wash all over in cold water every morning.

Reading aloud is conducive to health. The more clothing we wear, other things being equal, the less food we need.

Sleeping rooms should be furnished with a fire-place, or some mode of ventilation besides the windows.

Young people and others cannot study much by lamp light with impunity.

The best remedy for eyes weakened by night use, is a fine stream of cold water frequently applied to them.

AN EDITOR'S OWN DRINK.—According to the Princeton *Kentuckian*, the following is a recipe for the exclusive drink of M. Goodwin, the magnificently funny editor of the *Paduach American*:

"Take one pint of good whisky, stir in well one spoonful of whisky; then add another pint of whisky; beat carefully with a spoon, and keep pouring in whisky.—Fill a large bowl with water, and make the servant set it out of your reach. Take a small tumbler, pour in two spoonful of water; pour out the water and fill up with whisky, and add to the above. Flavor with whisky to your taste."

An Irishman went a fishing and among other things, he hauled in a large-sized turtle. To enjoy the surprise of the servant girl, he put it in her room.

Next morning the first that bounced in to the breakfast table was Biddy, with the exclamation—

"Dejabers I have got the devil!"

"What devil injured her master?"

"Why the bull-bed bug that has been eating the children for the last two months."

A Mississippi Fight.

"Can it be possible that this handsome looking man is the fat famed Col. Bowie?" whispered Mr. M—, in my ear.

"It is so," I replied, and before I could add more, Bowie was by us. My friend introduced us, and soon we were conversing together.

"I have not seen you for some time," said my friend, at length.

"I am returning from a trip to the Rocky Mountains," said Bowie. "Really, Mr. M—I wish you had been along with us. We had several fights with the Indians and in one of them I received a bullet in the arm. Unfortunately for my friends, the gamblers, it is nearly healed, and a terrible look passed over his features.—

"Our party had a most desperate fight with a party of Indians near Coon's Hollow—there were twelve to one—but we beat them off."

At this moment a loud shout caused us to turn our heads; almost immediately the cry of 'A man stabbed!' reached our ears. Soon the crowd opened, and the gambler came forth. His hands were covered with blood. Suddenly he turned, wiped his knife on the coat of a man who stood near him and burst into a loud laugh.

"What's all this about?" exclaimed Col. B.

On hearing this, the gambler thrust the knife into its sheath and approaching us.

"Merely a man stabbed—that's all," he said. "Any of you gentlemen wish to play cards?"

"I never play cards with strangers," said Col. Bowie.

"Why not?"

"Because, for all I know to the contrary the person with whom I am playing may be a gambler," was the reply.

On hearing this a crowd collected around us.

"Do you mean to insult me?"

"Insult you?" said Bowie, surveying the other with a look of contempt—"I insult no man sir!"

"Because you are too much of a coward to do so," said the gambler sneeringly.—

"Is this gentleman your friend?"

"A new friend, sir," replied Bowie.

"Well I insulted him a few minutes ago," said the gambler.

"Is this true?" asked Bowie, turning to Mr. M—.

Mr. M—replied in the affirmative.

"What is your name?" asked Bowie.

"My name is McMullen," replied the gambler.

"Ha!" exclaimed Bowie, with a look of delight, "are you any relation to the duelist that slew Joe Wingo, a year ago?"

"Yes, it was I that slew him," replied the gambler.

A terrible look passed over Bowie's face.

"Ho!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps you do not know that Wingo was my cousin."

"I don't care who he was," returned the gambler. "If you wish, I will serve you the same way."

"Perhaps continued Bowie, a strange smile creeping over his features, 'perhaps you do not know that I swore to avenge his death?'"

"Then stop out this way, and fight me like a man."

"Grant me one moment. Perhaps you do not know that my name is Col. James Bowie?"

On hearing this dreadful name, the gambler staggered back, and gazing at Bowie, vacantly in the face, he drew his hand across his eyes.

"Bowie! Bowie!" he murmured.

"Aye! James Bowie!" returned the other. "Come, come, you wanted to fight me two minutes ago—I now comply with your request. I am the challenged party, and therefore, I choose the weapons and the place. Our meeting will take place here, and our arms shall be the Bowie knife."

"Have it as you wish," said the gambler throwing off his coat.

Bowie placed his hand behind the back of his neck, and drew forth a huge bowie-knife. Placing it between his teeth he threw off his coat and rolled up his sleeves.

"I am ready," he said in a clear, ringing voice.

"So am I," said the gambler.

Three cheers for Bowie, were given by the crowd. Bowie smiled, while the gambler bit his lips with rage.

"Make room," said Bowie, "I can't fight without a clear field. Come, Mr. McMullen are you ready?"

"Yes!" cried the gambler.

Bowie raised the knife high above his head and sprang upon him. Both struggled for an instant, and fell to the floor. They rolled over the deck, the crowd making way for them, until they reached the railing. Suddenly a stream of blood flew from the gambler's right arm and he uttered a cry of pain. Still he kept his hold. Again they rolled over and again Bowie plunged the knife into his arm. Suddenly each released his hold of the other, and sprang to his feet. With the quickness of lightning the gambler changed his knife from his right hand to his left, and sprang towards Bowie.—Bowie met him half way and drawing back his arm, he plunged the knife into his body; the gambler held up his hands drooping his knife, and staggered back. Bowie followed him step by step, still plunging his knife into his body. At the fifth blow the gambler fell dead.

"It is over," I said drawing a long breath.

"Gentlemen," said Bowie placing his foot upon the gambler's breast, and half extended his right hand, "this man insulted me, and I slew him. If any one wishes to avenge his death, let him stop out."

"Mary, Mary, where the duce is my pants?"

"Pants, sir—I reckon misers has em; he has gone to the convention, she has."

THE MURDER IN THE ROOM.

(From the Note Book of an eminent Philadelphia, Lawyer, lately deceased.)

The narrative which I present I give as I find it in my note book. It was taken in almost the very words of the murderer, though not committed to writing until the next day, for the narrative made a very powerful impression on my mind. The disappearance of the murdered man had excited much conjecture as to his fate; but the general impression was that he had absconded to avoid his creditors, and his friends often wondered whether he would ever return.

The Murderer's Story.

There were five of us together—constant companions—fond of women, wine and the dice box. We made love in company, got drunk together, and gambled from the same purse. A very slender purse it was, too—but that's not the point.

There was Harry Pierce and his brother Fred, little Tom Needham, Jack Fry and myself. Harry was impetuous, hasty, irritable, but in the main good hearted; his brother was cooler, more calculating, and, of anything, a little avaricious. Tom was a true lover, who enjoyed his glass to the extreme, and was never happy except when half drunk; and Jack was a kind of hanger-on and toady of the whole of us. For myself, there were only two peculiarities worth mentioning, from their apparent inconsistency. As quick as a flash, the least angry word would arouse me to a tempest of ungovernable passion, which, when subsided, would leave me as cold as ice, and with a mind free to plot and contrive anything.

On one evening we had lost a good deal of money, more than we could well afford, at poker, and had left the gambling room in no very good spirits. Fred Pierce had not been with us, too, perhaps, we should not have played so long, for Fred, unlike the majority of gamblers, who play most desperately when fortune is most unkind, invariably stopped when a certain maximum of loss was arrived at.

In the morning Fred called to see me, having heard something about the loss, and was astonished and angry when he learned the amount. He remonstrated with me, and when I laughed at his words, grew irritated. One word, as the saying goes, brought on another; we became angry; and at length he told me that he thought it unjustifiable on our parts to lose his share of the money during his absence. I called him a fool, and he retorted that I was a scoundrel. In a towering rage, I seized the tongs, which stood on the side of the hearth, and before I gave a thought to the consequence, struck him on the head with all the strength of which I was master. The next moment I stood me to consciousness, and I raised him up. The blow had fractured his skull, although no blood had flowed—his thick cap, which he had not removed during the conversation, deadening somewhat the blow; he was evidently dead.

A moment's reflection convinced me that one or two things must be done—either to conceal the body or to disclose the fact, and proclaim that I had done the deed in self defence. The fear that I could not well make it appear so to the public, deterred me from the latter course. I had started the day before to my family, that I intended to send a box full of looks and papers to my mother's residence in the country; and the large packing-box procured for the purpose then stood in my room. I determined to put the body in this, but I heard a ringing at the door bell. Thrusting aside the window curtain, I put my head through the window, which was, luckily, half hoisted, and saw that my companions of the night before had come to pay me a visit. I knew that they would at once come to my room, and take no denial for entrance. In an instant my course was determined on. I hastily dragged the body to the closet, placed it upright, and taking my dwelling case from the place of its usual bestowment, closed the closet door. I then threw on my great coat, put on my hat, and tossed the chairs in confusion round my room. I had scarcely done this when I heard the steps of the party on the stairs, and as they entered the room, I gave a tremendous oath, with every other evidence of counterfeited passion.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Harry Pierce, "what is the matter with you? Going out?"

"I have this moment come in," said I, "to get my pistols. I thought I'd practice this morning—and some vagabond has been in my room and turned everything upside down. It's too bad, by Jove; there's a whole pile of shirts, just from the wash tossed on the floor!"

My friends burst in a laugh and Tom Needham exclaimed:

"Serve you right. What business have you to own so many shirts? I have only one. In fact that was what kept me from you yesterday so long. I had to lie in bed while it was being washed and ironed—and the woman kept it two hours beyond time, because I owed her a little bill."

"Well," said I, "I wish you'd stop your nonsense and fix matters; and we'll go out and take a crack or two this morning."

"Not with me," answered Tom, "It's too cold for the fingers. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll have a game of whist. There's just a snug party. I wonder where Fred is?"

"I don't know," said I, "he promised yesterday to come and see me."

"I'll bet my soul," cried Jack Fry, "that he was the Robin Goodfellow who upset your wardrobe."

"Just like him," I replied, "but nevertheless, I am bent on shooting this morning."

"So you shall shoot, old fellow," cried Tom Needham, "so you shall; and you needn't cool your fingers either. You leave this old rat-trap to me, don't you?"

"Very good. Then we'll give your landlady a proof of solid regard. Here," and he took a piece of coal from the hearth as he spoke—"I'll chalk out the old lady on the closet door. Load your pistols—its about twenty paces from the other side of the room—and we'll put more balls into the old feminine than she puts pepper corns into her mock turtle soup."

A general yell of approval greeted his novel proposition, and which Tom gravely proceeded to sketch what he called a remarkably correct portrait of the mistress of the house; and Harry Pierce came to work to load the pistols. When Harry had finished, he claimed the first shot for his pains, which Tom claimed for the same reason, insisting that he had set up the wind mill he ought to tilt at it. A mock altercation followed, which was finally settled by a toss, up, which Harry won.—He grasped the pistol accordingly and fired.

A noise of something followed. The concussion had disturbed the body, which in falling had struck a side shelf, and over turned some books. We all started.—Needham, however, did not notice it, and pressed his pistol, fired again, entirely too low, exclaiming when he saw the result—"There's a ball in her ladyship's calf, by Jupiter."

Harry turned to me as white as ashes, and "I did, I did," he said, "the ball from your pistol, and he banged to you, has upset some of my books, I suppose."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Harry, "I have terrible presentiment. Suppose my brother should have hid himself in the closet. And he sank down on the chair as he spoke. We gathered round him, and Tom Needham burst into a fit of laughter.

"Upon my soul," said he, "you are worse than the baker's daughter." Here he cried in a squeaking tone, "If I were to be married, and were to have a little baby, and it were to come here and get into the oven and then be burned to death—boo—boo!" Then resuming his natural tone he exclaimed:

"You are the most ridiculous fools, the whole of you, I ever saw. Have you any trandy in your den? I must have a little to revive me after this scene. You'd better give Harry some. Lord knows he needs it."

My heart throbbed with strange delight. The web of my diffident was being rapidly unravelled—my course was almost certain; but what I should discover the fracture? I walked boldly forward to the closet and placed my hand on the catch knob, said, "In order to dissipate your doubt, I'll open the mystery." As I spoke I threw the door wide open.

It was an affliction I shot, but not so that of the rest. I shall not forget the wild shriek of despair which left the bosom of Harry Pierce as he knelt forward and arose the body of his brother, nor the terrible tones of that hoarse whisper, in which he said, "I'm a Cain; God forgive my folly!" and then sank into the arms of Tom Needham.

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Harry turned to me as white as ashes, and "I did, I did," he said, "the ball from your pistol, and he banged to you, has upset some of my books, I suppose."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Harry, "I have terrible presentiment. Suppose my brother should have hid himself in the closet. And he sank down on the chair as he spoke. We gathered round him, and Tom Needham burst into a fit of laughter.

"Upon my soul," said he, "you are worse than the baker's daughter." Here he cried in a squeaking tone, "If I were to be married, and were to have a little baby, and it were to come here and get into the oven and then be burned to death—boo—boo!" Then resuming his natural tone he exclaimed:

"You are the most ridiculous fools, the whole of you, I ever saw. Have you any trandy in your den? I must have a little to revive me after this scene. You'd better give Harry some. Lord knows he needs it."

My heart throbbed with strange delight. The web of my diffident was being rapidly unravelled—my course was almost certain; but what I should discover the fracture? I walked boldly forward to the closet and placed my hand on the catch knob, said, "In order to dissipate your doubt, I'll open the mystery." As I spoke I threw the door wide open.

It was an affliction I shot, but not so that of the rest. I shall not forget the wild shriek of despair which left the bosom of Harry Pierce as he knelt forward and arose the body of his brother, nor the terrible tones of that hoarse whisper, in which he said, "I'm a Cain; God forgive my folly!" and then sank into the arms of Tom Needham.

My companions examined the body.—The ball of Harry had evidently gone through his heart. The absence of blood was at once accounted for by the inward bleeding; and as we were examining the body, we heard the shrill voice of our hostess lady outside scolding because we were firing pistols and shrieking in our room.

A debate now ensued in regard to the disposal of the dead body. I knew that the blow on the head would be discovered, of the thing was suggested that we had better bury the body secretly. I told them that it could be packed in the long box which lay there; and that one of us could meet the conveyance out of town, take it to some out of the way stop, where I could assist to bury the body. In the mean while, Needham could purchase a coffin, and other necessary materials as though to send it off to the country, and at night we could bury it.

Harry